Young Lee

Flaneur

As I’m passing by the famous 42nd street at times square, I stop and look down at the wonderful sight of lights from traffic and advertising signs. Everywhere around me I see big pictures and big signs decorated with blinking lights. It was everywhere, displayed on a side of the buildings, some were located low as the ground, some as high as the sky, the roof of the tall buildings, it is just incredible. I just stand there in awe, looking at the big “M” from the McDonalds sign that was flashing with neon and strobe light. Not only were there full of only buildings and advertisements, there were like a marching band of people, swarming the streets. Everyone looked busy, minding their business. Some looked excited and seemed like they were having fun, some looked lost, some looked cranky and annoyed, some looked worn out and some had emotionless expressions on their faces as they walk. Made me wonder what each and everyone one of them had been through to have those expressions on their faces, because some of them were totally different from one another, even though they’re in the same area, walking in the same direction.

The people were one thing; the streets were restless with cars, buses, bikers and ignorant people who just recklessly cross the street. You see traffic everywhere, honking horns and shouts from angry drivers. You can hear the ringing bells from bicycles. You can hear people say “I’m late, I’m late” as they enter the train station or enter a yellow cab. You can hear the car door slamming as people get off from the yellow taxi cabs. You can also hear music from stores as you pass by. The music varies by store and area. You may hear nice hip-hop music as you pass clothes stores or foot locker. You may hear nice and soft pop music as you past bakeries and cafes. You can hear funky music as you pass by exhibitions like “Riley’s, believe it or not” exhibition. You can also hear individuals singing and see them dance and perform. You can see the naked cowboy play his guitar and sing for the people who cross the street. It can be very embarrassing at first, but it gets entertaining as you get used to it. You can hear screams from girls who plead and beg the naked cowboy to take pictures with them.

There are many different kinds of scent you can smell as you pass through Times Square. You can pass through the hot dog stands and smell the mouthwatering scent of hotdogs and kebabs. You can pass through star bucks at any time of the day and you would still smell the welcoming scent of sweet coffee and sweets. You can pass through a barbeque grill restaurant and smell the smokey scent of pork ribs and steak. Not can you only smell the scent of food, you can smell the scent of different people. As you pass by a luxury woman, you can smell the sweet smell of Chanel perfume. As you pass by men, you can clearly smell the strong cologne worn on them. Sometimes, you can smell the unpleasant scent of smoke and cigarettes as you pass by people. I can smell it all the way from where I am now too. I can smell and feel the smoke of cigarettes polluting my lungs as I inhale the polluted air of smoke.

It is a wonderful sight. Seeing, hearing, and smelling the scent of the heart of New York City. Everything seems so restless here, as well as the rest of New York City. It is as if you will never experience desolate silence here in Times Square. Everyone is doing something, even at night! I don’t think you would ever see dark even at night here, with its lights from buildings and cars. Well I guess its time to move on now. . .